

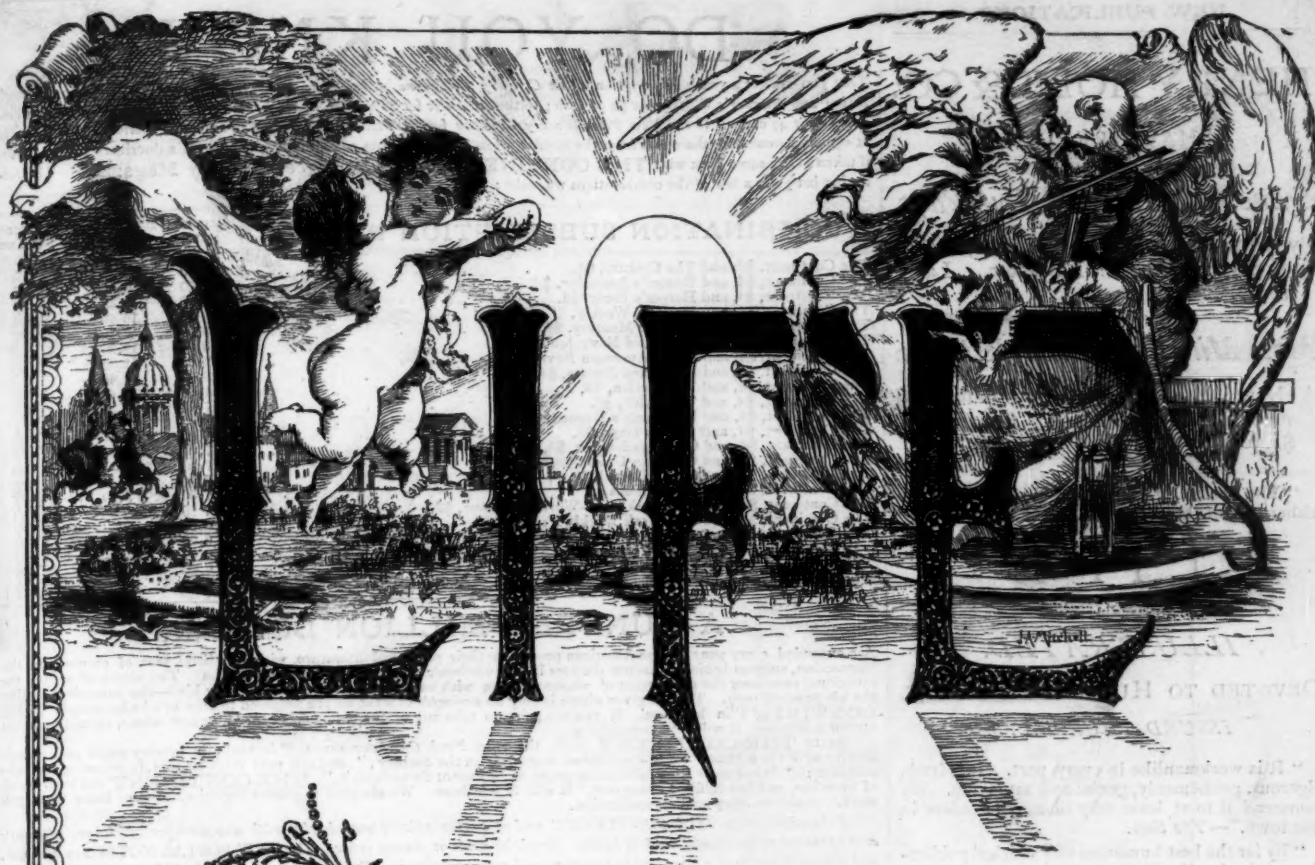
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L72

Dr. Donnan

VOLUME II.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1883.

NUMBER 38.



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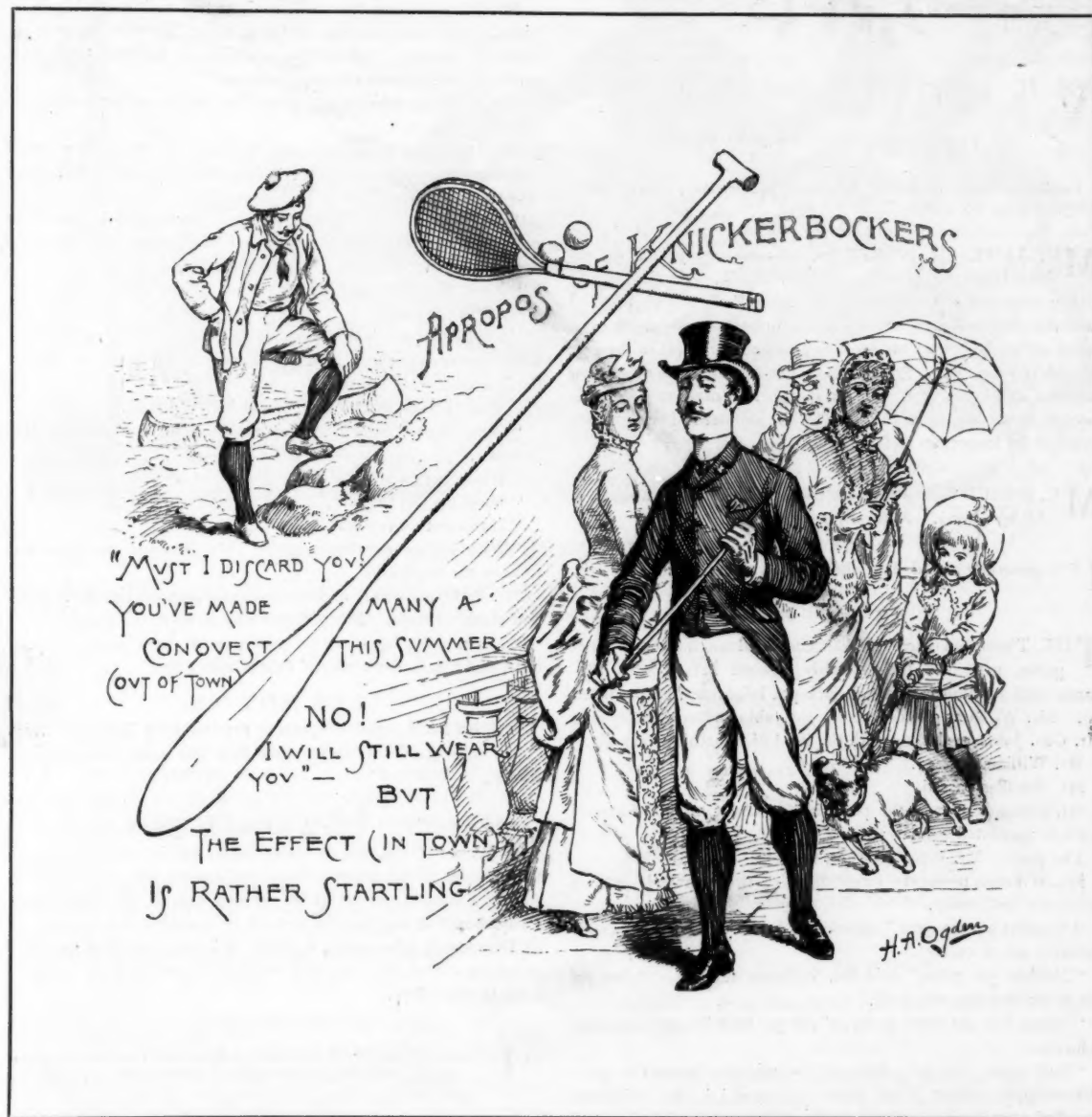
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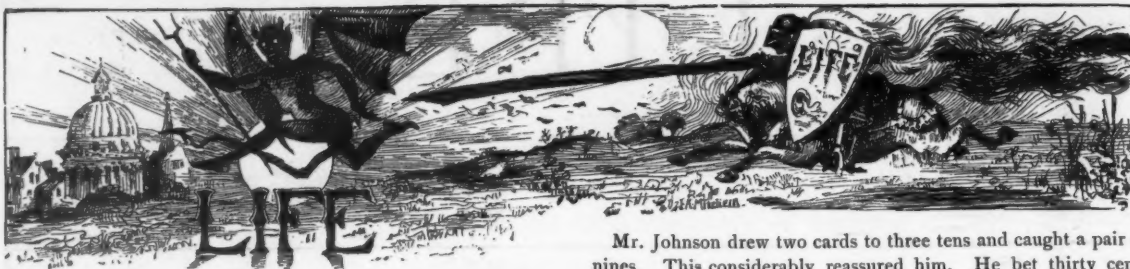
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GLORIA VICTIS.



VOL. II. SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1883. NO. 38.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free.
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MR. JAMES H. STEVENS, sub-assistant junior deputy local inspector of boilers in this city is, according to our highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York World*, inclined to think that no man can properly inspect the bottom of a boiler unless he screws his eye to a pole and thrusts it in through the safety valve. Mr. Stevens may not be the most prominent scientist employed as a witness in the *Riverdale* case, but his candor shows him to be fully up to the standard of competence required for inspectors in this port.

MR. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT is kicking like a mule.—
Albany Times. Naturally. How else?

IT is generally a cold day when an *Arctic* expedition gets left.

THE Thompson Street Poker Club had an unusually quiet game, with the luck steadily against Mr. Tooter Williams, until an unusually tough jack-pot brightened up the interest. Mr. Williams glanced across the table and saw the eyes of Mr. Gus. Johnson shining with the light of something very big.

Mr. Williams passed.

Mr. Whiffles passed.

Mr. Johnson opened the pot with a defiant air and forty-six cents in mutilated coin.

The dealer, Mr. Rube Jackson, came in.

Mr. Williams promptly raised the bet two punched quarters and a ten cent stamp.

"Whuffer yo rise dat?" asked Mr. Johnson, whom this extraordinary action excited.

"Nebber yo' mine," said Mr. Williams sullenly. "Jess yo' put up er shut up—dat's all."

"'Spose I'se got three jacks an' rise yo' back?" suggested Mr. Johnson.

"And 'spose I'se got a flisk—eh?—jess—jess 'spose I'se got a flisk—niggah:—whar 's yo' three jacks—eh?" Mr. Williams breathed very hard and glared at Mr. Johnson till even that gentleman's vest buttons were cold.

Mr. Johnson faltered, ran his hand over twice, sized up the pot, and decided he'd "jess call." They then proceeded to draw cards.

Mr. Williams thought he'd play what he had.

Mr. Johnson drew two cards to three tens and caught a pair of nines. This considerably reassured him. He bet thirty cents with the remark: "Now jess go ahead on dat flisk—jess fool away yo' substance much as yo' choose."

Mr. Williams thoughtfully raised him forty cents and a plug of tobacco.

Mr. Johnson saw the raise and retaliated by wagering a plated watch-guard and a pair of spectacles, borrowed from the Rev. Thankful Smith who sat behind him.

Mr. Williams raised back. And so it went until there was nothing left to bet except the lamp and table, which were common property, inalienable under the constitution.

"Now, niggah," said Mr. Williams, "jess show down dem jacks."

"I haint got no jacks," said Mr. Johnson. "I was lyin'. I had three ten-speckers, befo' de draw. Show down yo' flisk—dat's what I want ter see."

"Well, I haint got no flisk," said Mr. Williams.

"What has yo' got? Show up yo' straight," demanded Mr. Johnson.

"Haint got no straight."

"Show up dat two par, den."

"Haint got no two par."

"What has yo' got den, niggah?" Mr. Johnson was beginning to have his suspicions.

Mr. Williams slowly and triumphantly skinned out three jacks and a pair of trays. Mr. Johnson rose to leave the room.

"I doan mine losen my substance, an' I doan mine a squar' beat, but I doan draw no mo' cyards agin a liar."

FOURTEEN hundred parrots arrived here Thursday from Tampico. This shows just how the pollytical situation stands.

FORMERLY: "The Republican Party must GO!!!"

Now: "In view of recent facts, and in consonance with the opinions of the ablest political economists who have investigated the subject, we are of the opinion that if the Republican Party should at any time be pleased to consider the interests of its Democratic adversaries, it might be induced to think seriously of taking a brief vacation, and we shall be glad to hear propositions to that effect."

"I CAME, I saw, but I decline to admit that I am conquered."
—Courtney.

"I SEE the papers are making a great fuss over the fact that I refused to allow a Mr. Wales to be presented to me. He was nice enough looking, but Papa Griffin says a girl can't be too particular with these foreigners, especially when you do n't know the family."—Mary Anderson.



“DECEIVERS EVER!”

Mildred (who is “willin’”): HARRY, THEY SAY WE ‘RE ENGAGED!

Harry (who is thinking it over): BUT WE KNOW WE ‘RE NOT, DO N’T WE!

BY THE SEA.

I LAY on the rocks and watched the sea,
As it sparkling danced ‘neath a sunny sky;
The warm, sweet wind just touched my cheek,—
And I sighed that romance had passed me by.

I gazed at the sea, and sky, and shore,
Till a sudden sight made my pulses bound,
For a little way from my rocky nook
Was an open parasol, low on the ground.

’T was large, and white, and of India silk;
Its top tilted down was my *vis-à-vis*;
But I guessed its lining—such shaded rose
As paints the murmuring shells of the sea.

Beneath, on the earth, spread a soft gray rug;
The fringe of a shawl I could also note;
And trailing outside of the parasol disc
Was a bit of a lace-trimmed petticoat.

My heart beat high with expectant hope,—
Shall I find my romance here by the sea?
While life endures will fancy repeat
The memories tender of white pongee?

No longer I lay on the rocky shore,
Watching the ocean’s foamy creep;
Softly to windward I stole for a view,—
’T was somebody’s baby sound asleep.

PHILIP H. WELCH.

“A LITTLE less than kin, and more than kind (?)”—
your “Uncle.”

LOVE laughs at locksmiths, did you say?
Perhaps so, but I sometimes wonder
If love can laugh at all the locks
That parting lovers cut and sunder.

TO SPEAK of the thread of an argument would imply
that the whole thing is a “yarn.”

AGNUS FATUUS IN WALL STREET.

I.

*Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.*

—COWPER.



HE father of Agnus Fatuus had made a blunder—one usual to New York merchants in the middle of the 19th century.

He had begotten a son, Agnus of this simple tale; had sent him to school without educating him; had sent him to college to complete studies never begun; and lastly, having amassed a snug fortune in the huckleberry ex-

porting business, had left this son just rich enough to unfit him for any possible usefulness in life. All of which was very orthodox and, so far as precedent goes, eminently respectable.

Agnus' first years of emancipation were spent in wrestling with his costume—particularly his cravats—in dancing with girls, and in "seeing life" with their brothers, and in trying to persuade himself that club life in New York really compares favorably with euthanasian suicide.

Results: A fellow's clothes are a great bore. Cost a lot of money and no end of trouble. No one ever notices them unless they are loud or badly made. Girls good enough fun when actually on the floor, but, for the rest, they giggle so and *make believe* such an awful lot, a fellow can't feel very comfortable or safe with them.

The chaps are good enough, only they are always busy down town in the dull part of the day, and usually talk a good deal about stocks and things out of business hours.

In fine, Agnus became bored to the point of letting his tailor dress him, so long as he, the tailor, steered clear of conspicuous idiocies. (Mem. The luckless Sartor, by the way, steered himself finally into a very conspicuous idio-cy, trying to dress the last crop of New York dudes so as to pass for English aristocrats over on a tour.) Wearied to the extent of sending bouquets to the girls instead of going in person. Disgusted with the clubs so much as not to care if one half of the members whipped the other half with canes, were called liars, and expelled for blackguardly conduct. Fatigued so that even a stolen supper-party out on the road, comprising half a dozen, where three kept themselves and three did not, presented no more attraction than the opening of a new Sunday-school. *Bref*, worn out for want of new mental occupation.

The choice lay between taking to drink or taking to business. Drink is bad. Bad form, bad for a fellow's

looks, bad for his head, bad for his pockets. Besides, the lush nowadays is something ghastly. Nobody goes in for that sort of thing except young cads or old married men.

Then business? Business can't be such bad fun. Plenty of fellows make it pay even from a monied point of view. Of course a man can't go into dry-goods or huckleberry exporting, or actual trade. That was all well enough twenty or thirty years ago, but no wise fellows do it now unless they carry on the old man's business—then it's proper enough. But *business*, stocks. McMentor says your broker does it all; you really need n't learn anything about it unless you want to. If you buy or sell a stock and it goes up or down you make.

So Agnus Fatuus took a cab and went to the pur-lieu of Wall Street.



II.

Lucciole per lanterne.



AGNUS FATUUS had chosen as his brokers Messrs. Raquemin, Shearum & Co. (O. U. Raquemin, member N. Y. Stock Exchange; Weale Shearum, member U. S. Mining Exchange), and although slightly acquainted with the individuals, he had never before visited their office.

The office was small, not to say cozy, furnished inexpensively but judiciously with four chairs, five spittoons and a "ticker." A faded

carpet aided the spittoons in keeping the flooring from being soiled. The "ticker" appeared to be noisily unwell, as from a surfeit of tape. Four men stood peering at this, and one of them seemed to speak as follows:

"I'm condemned if the sanguinary stock is n't going up! Here it is at $\frac{3}{8}$, 500 at $\frac{1}{2}$! What the Hereafter did I get on the wrong side for! Just my sainted luck! Here she comes at $\frac{5}{8}$! Snorter, run up and cover mine at $\frac{3}{4}$; put in a stop-order at $\frac{7}{8}$ if you can't do better!"

Snorter, who wore two gorgeous rings, a pencil and some dirt on one hand, and three more gorgeous rings, a small pad of blank paper and a trifle more dirt on the other, fled as one who pursues an escaping prey.

The click of the "ticker" mingled with the renewed chorus of oaths and fractions, when Shearum turned and beheld Agnus standing in the room.

"Hello! Fatuus, how are you? Want me?"

Agnus explains that he wants to learn the ropes, and gets condensed information thus:

"Fellows at the Board trade in crowds. S'pose you give me an order to buy a hundred St. Peter at three. Snorter or some other pad-shover gives out the order. His man goes into the St. Peter crowd and buys it, gives us up, delivery is made here, goes into your account, you sell it out at four and a quarter—covering brokerages both ways—and you make one per cent. clean at once if it's bought and sold regular."

"Then there are irregularities sometimes in the business?" asks Agnus.

"How d'ye mean?"

"Why, you said I would make something if it was all regular."

"Oh, thunder!" exclaims Shearum. "I meant if it was bought and sold regular way; not bought seller three or sold buyer three. You see, do n't you?"

Agnus lied, and said "Yes."

Shearum then remarked, "Oh! it's simple enough when you understand it. Why, I've known young fellows come down here and go to tradin', and know it all in a week."

N. B.—Shearum omitted to go on and state what they knew at the end of a month.

"Then," said Agnus, "all I have to do is what you say to make one per cent.?"

Shearum assented "Providing the market goes right."

"And everything goes regular, as you call it," remarked Agnus. "By the way, how much *is* one per cent.?"

Shearum looked at him fixedly for a moment, then spat at the nearest cuspidor, and said sententiously, "What did you say?"

"I merely asked what one per cent. was."

Shearum had got himself together, and he replied, "Why, one point of course. Do n't you see?"

"Yes," answered Agnus, looking at Shearum's watch-chain for fear of catching his eye, "I see, but how much does that give me?"

"Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face. Suppose you pick up 100 St. Peter at 3, and pass it out at $4\frac{1}{4}$, an eighth each way makes you take just a hundred. Of course interest is n't counted, but that do n't amount to anything unless there's a squeeze, you know, and then it would n't likely be more than an eighth for carrying. You understand now, don't you?"



(To be continued.)



MR. ISAACS, OXGUSE ME, BUT HOW TID YOU GET OF DOSE VINE GLODINGS?

VROM DER RAILTROAT, MR. KUPFENHEIMER.

DER RAILTROAT!

YAS, MR. KUPFENHEIMER, MY LEETLE PENCHAMIN, HE VAS GILT IN DER GONEY ISLAND GRUSH DOO MONT'S AGO; AND SO I SENTS MY MODDER-IN-LAW TOWN PY DER LONG ISLAND DRAIN EFFERY DAY, UNT LAST VEEK SHE VAS SMASH UP IN DER GOL-LISION. DER BOLICY BAYS, MR. KUPFENHEIMER. I HAVE A LARCH VAMILY.

A MODERN FABLE.

A DOG, on a warm summer day, lay down in the Shade, and soon fell asleep. He was Awakened by the Noise of a huge Bull approaching his shady resting-place.

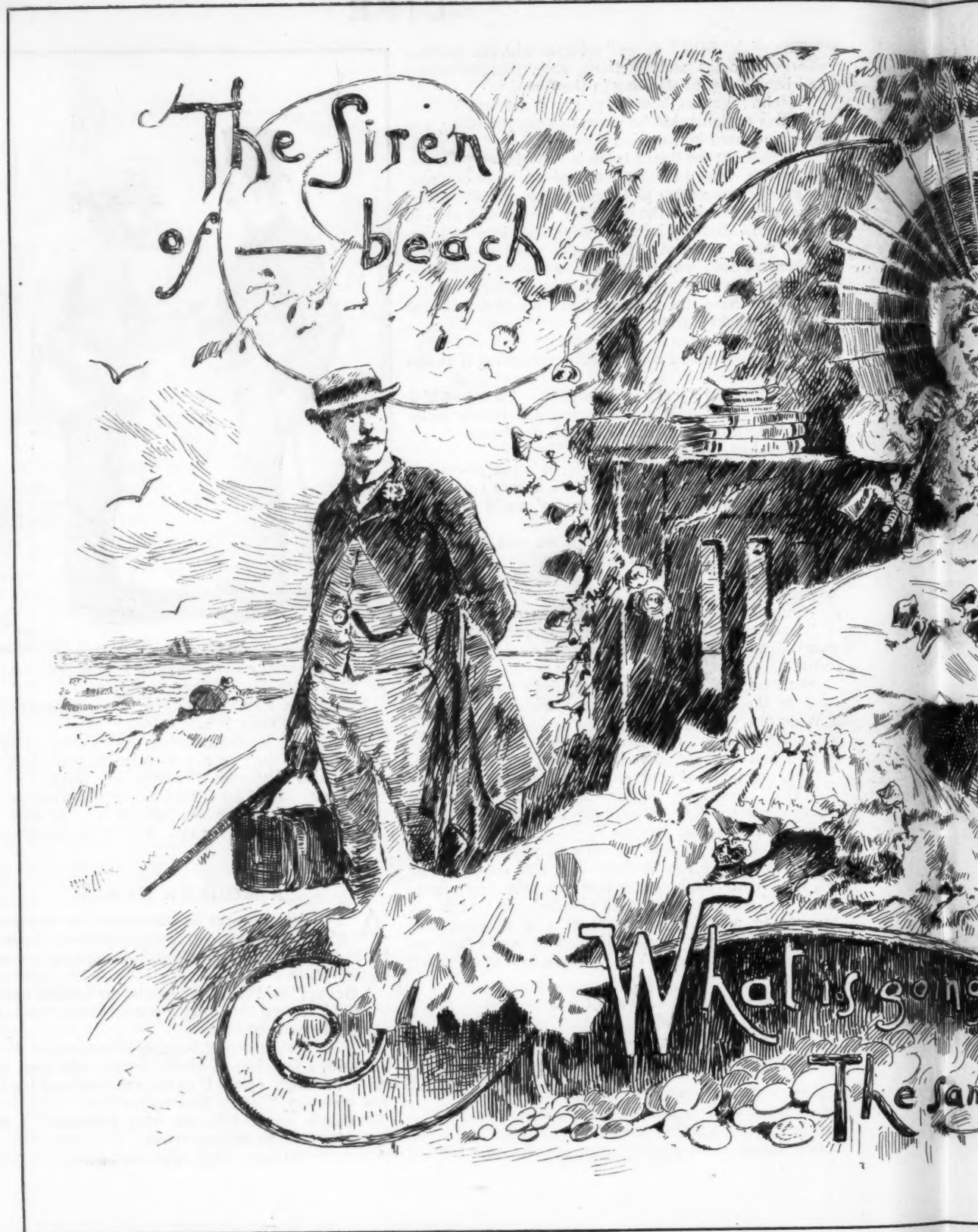
"Get up," said the bull, "and let me Lie down there!"

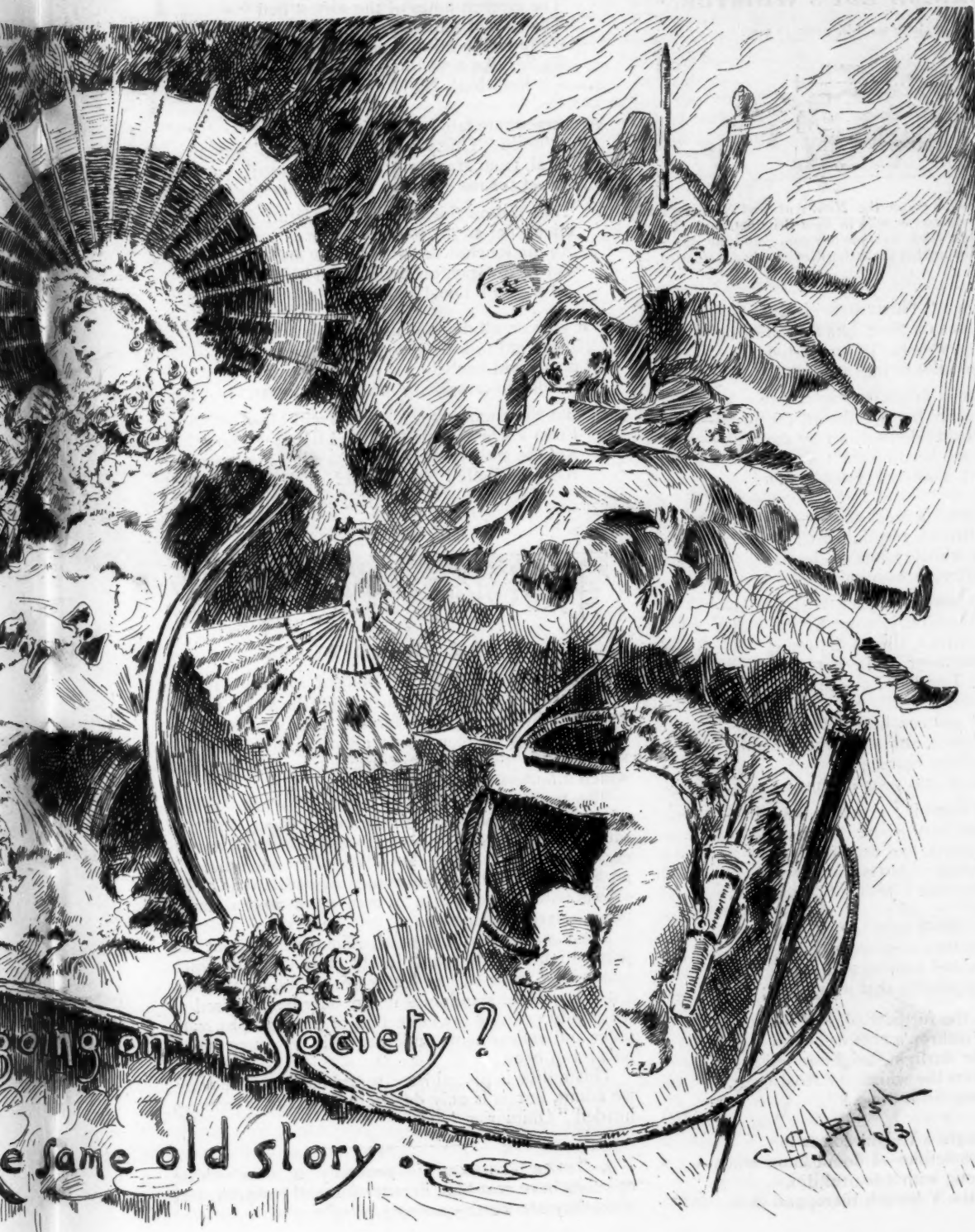
"No," replied the Dog, "you have no Right to the place; I was here First."

"Well," said the bull, looking Innocently at the dog, but with a ferocious Twinkle in his left Eye, which made the dog's spinal Column run cold and his lower Jaw give way, "let us Toss up for it."

"Thank you," said the dog Politely, "I never Gamble," and he walked Away.

MORAL: Virtue has its own reward.





Going on in Society?
The same old story.

S. Byrd
1893

"THE DANISH BOY'S WHISTLE."

"Oh, whistle an' I'll come to you."



[Nearly every engineer on the New York and New England Railroad has a sweetheart or wife in New Britain, Conn. Every train would whistle a salute to some fair dame, and the din grew so fearfully ear-splitting that the authorities have had it stopped.—*Daily Paper.*]

IT'S noon when "Thirty-five" is due,
An' she comes on time, like a flash of light,
An' you hear her whistle, "Too-tee-too!"
Long 'fore the pilot swings in sight.

Bill Maddon's drivin' her in to-day
An' he's callin' his sweetheart, far away—
Gertrude Hurd—lives down by the mill,—
You might see her blushin'; she knows it's Bill.
"Tu-die! Toot-ee! Tu-die! Tu!"

Six-five A.M. there's a local comes—
Makes up at Bristol, runnin' east;
An' the way her whistle sings an' hums
Is a livin' caution to man an' beast.

Every one knows who Jack White calls—
Little Lou Woodbury, down by the Falls;
Summer or winter, always the same,
She hears her lover callin' her name—
"Lou-ie! Lou-ie! Loo-ice!"

At Six-fifty-eight you can hear "Twenty-one"
Go thunderin' west, and of all the screams
That ever startled the rising sun,
Jehu Davis sends into your dreams;

But I do n't mind it; it makes me grin—
For just down here where the creek lets in,
His wife, Jerusha, can hear him call,
Loud as a throat of brass can bawl—
"Jee-rooo shee! Je-hoo!"

But at 1:51, old "Sixty-four"—
Boston Express runs east, clear through—
Drowns her rattle and rumble and roar
With the softest whistle that ever blew;

An' away on the furthest edge of the town,
Sweet Sue Winthrop's eyes of brown
Shine like the starlight, bright an' clear
When she hears the whistle of Abel Gear,
"You-ou-ou, Su-u-u-e!"

An' 'long at midnight a freight comes in,
Leaves Berlin sometime—I do n't know when—
But it rumbles along with a fearful din,
Till it reaches the Y-Switch there, and then

The clearest notes of the softest bell
That out of a brazen goblet fell,
Wake Nellie Minton out of her dreams—
To her like a wedding bell it seems—
"Nell, Nell, Nell! Nell, Nell, Nell!"

An' somewhere late in the afternoon,
You'll see "Thirty-seven" go streakin' west;
It's local, from Hartford; same old tune
New set for the girl that loves him best.

Tom Wilson rides on the right hand side,
Givin' her steam at every stride;
An' he touches the whistle, low an' clear,
For Lulu Gray, on the hill, to hear—
"Lu-lu! Loo-Loo!"

So it goes on all day an' all night,
Till the old folk have voted the thing a bore;
Old maids and bachelors says it ain't right
For folks to do courtin' with such a roar.

But the engineers their kisses will blow
From a whistle-valve, to the girls they know,
An' the stokers the name of their sweethearts tell
With the Belle! Nell! Dell! of the swaying bell.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.



THAT GREEK PLAY.

NOT being blind, we are obliged to notice the return to bulletin-prominence of the above-named pamphlet by that pseudo-Harvard man, "Miss" Norman. This gentleman noses about in literature and society with the same unconscious facility with which a butterfly sips nectar.

The results of his dipping into the "White" flower of Greece, his sipping of Nortonian honey and his nibbles at the Longfellow social seed cakes, are honey-combed in his "Greek Play" and in an article in an English magazine giving startling revelations of his affectionate relations with a man upon whose corpse he rode into prominence.

There was a certain social officiousness about the publication of this pamphlet by this author, which makes it of value to a collector of biographical relics. From any other standpoint it can only be criticised as we should criticise the collection of photographs, with dates and endearments underneath, in a young woman's scrap book.

This notice is placed here somewhat incongruously, we admit, but it is only due to the lack of a column headed "Obituaries."

A "FREE"-THINKER is generally a man whose opinions have cost him, in reflection and research, just what they are worth—nothing.

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

NEWPORT Sept. 14th, 1883.

To the Editor of LIFE.

PARDON my intrusion upon your unwillingness to candor, but as in your last issue you evaded my question of legitimate American Aristocracy by an attack upon parvenus not entitled to the name, I beg you again to consider it. *Ab uno disce omnes.* Take any of the well-known Knickerbockers of New York—the F. F.'s of Virginia, the Mayflowers of New England, the Huguenots of South Carolina, or the Creoles of Louisiana, trace their pedigree to its source and see if from their blooded grandfathers, to the manner born, they do not justly inherit the refinement and *esprit de l'ancien regime* which mark the true aristocracy.

KILL VON KULL.



Ab uno disce omnes. We cannot wantonly mention persons in private life, but our esteemed subscriber of course knows Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS (*née* KOBBLESTON), whose name is conspicuously displayed in the record of every social occasion, by our highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York Sun*, and other court journals.

Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS (*née* KOBBLESTON) is a Knickerbocker from that quaint little centre of Knickerbocker pride known remotely as Waibac, and is, beyond question, to Knickerbocker circles what that rude implement, the kingbolt, is to a Murray Hill drag. So important, indeed, is Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, that each morning our highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York Sun*, and other court journals, give unlimited space in leaded nonpareil to a record of her daily movements, to the end that her humble admirer, the public, may know where Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, was on the previous day; whose dinner Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, condescended to grace; whom Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, vouchsafed to meet on that happy occasion, and, so far as vulgar type can convey such refined gorgeous-

ness, what millinery Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, deigned to wear. As the Knickerbockers who live in ineffable but somewhat mildewed grandeur on Stuyvesant and Washington Squares admit to their exclusive teas whomsoever Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, admits to her more elaborate receptions, it must be conceded that for an example of Knickerbocker aristocracy, our selection of Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, is fitting and judicious.

Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, is indisputably a Knickerbocker. As the entire civilized world knows, her father, KILIAN KOBBLESTON, was the son of DIETRICH KOBBLESTON, whose wife, GRETTA VAN VRIES, was a granddaughter of WOUTER VAN TWILLER VAN VRIES, whose uncle, LEYDEN VAN VRIES, was among the Walloons who came over with PETER MINUTS in 1624, and settled at Walle Bocht, on what is now known as Austincorbinwyk, or Long Island.

LEYDEN VAN VRIES was, therefore, the fountain-head from which the aristocracy of Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née* KOBBLESTON, sprang, and to LEYDEN VAN VRIES we must therefore look for those elements of grandeur which have been so abundantly transmitted. Unfortunately history is criminally frugal with particulars in this great case. It merely mentions that in 1624 one PETER MINUTS brought over a number of convicted Dutch heretics, to whom America or jail were absolute alternatives. Armed with the consciousness of right and some little brandy, these Walloons purchased land from the natives. The Knickerbocker method of purchasing land was simpler and more effective than that employed in these effete days. It was merely to get the susceptible savages drunk, and then by the tender of two cakes of red paint and a cracked mirror, induce their chief to sign a deed for as many square miles of land as the Walloons thought they might want. When the Indians recovered from this cheap debauch and repented, the Walloons fell upon and massacred them, thus forestalling all tedious or unpleasant litigation. A quaint chronicler thus describes one of these enjoyable occasions.

"Actinge by ye authoritie of ye Govern'r, ye armd partie crossed ye Hudson on ye nyghte of ye 25 of Feb., 1643, and fell upon ye Indians. No resistance they offerde, and in ye stillness of ye nyghte ye noise and brute of musketrye and ye shrieks of ye ruthless savages were hearde on ye islende (Manhattan). Menne, women and children were slayne; infants, bounde in theyre barke cradles, were flunge into ye icie river, and ye franticke mothers, who did plunge to ye rescue, were forced back until they were drownde. Among these were two children of LEYDEN VAN VRIES by a younge Indian mayde, whome he did himself drowne for he had taken unto himself a new wyfe in New Amsterdam. LEYDEN VAN VRIES was then mayde governor of ye new colony, which praised Godde for his valoure."

This is the first mention made of LEYDEN VAN VRIES, the first narration of how he acquired title to his property, and the first historical index to his character. A similar American aristocrat, Mr. JESSE JAMES, was recently made famous by acquiring property in the same way, and would no doubt have sired a long line of a species of Missouri Knickerbockers, but for painful circumstances over which he had no control. But this is irrelevant.

Of LEYDEN VAN VRIES' subsequent life history says nothing, simply mentioning that he "did dye of a blow upon hys hedde,

being struck with an ayle mug during a quarrelle in ye taverne of JOHN VAN WYCKE."

Concerning WOUTER VAN TWILLER VAN VRIES, nephew of the foregoing, history is silent, so the present generation is indebted for knowledge that he existed at all, to the patient researches of the little old gentleman who works up pedigrees to order in the Society Library building, and who has traced his own lineage back to Japhet.

Of GRETTA VAN VRIES we find one mention—that she married, in 1798, DIETRICH KOBBLESTON, who himself was never mentioned before nor has been since. We are indebted, however, to the aforesaid little old gentleman who worked up Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS *(née KOBBLESTON)*'s pedigree in the Society Library at \$75 a page (*vide* the gilt-edged volume on her library table), and who has traced his own lineage back to Japhet, for the information that, in absence of contrary evidence, it is probable that DIETRICH KOBBLESTON was lineally descended from LISPENARD KOBBLESTON, who is mentioned once in history as having "purchased" land from the Raritans, at the exceedingly low price of one gallon for a hundred acres. There is a DIETRICH KOBBLESTON mentioned as having been confined for debt in the old jail at the corner of Dock street and Coenties slip, where for four years he thrived by hanging his shoe out of the dormer window for alms; but for some occult reason this fact is not entered in the emblazoned volume which lies upon the table of Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née KOBBLESTON*, and which was so carefully prepared for her by the aforesaid patient little old gentleman in the Society Library building, who has already traced his own lineage back to Japhet.

Of KILIAN KOBBLESTON, father of Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née KOBBLESTON*, modern history says much. His father's portion of the noble estate wrested by LEYDEN VAN VRIES from the ruthless savages had dwindled, and so, when he came of age, he embarked in the grocery business (wholesale) and derived therefrom a revenue sufficient to enable him to marry and do the world a tremendous favor by siring the present incumbent of the proud name, Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS, *née KOBBLESTON*, after which generous feat he unfortunately expired.

Of Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS' (*née KOBBLESTON*) marriage with the plebeian but opulent JOHN HOPKINS, it is better to say but little. Indeed, when the patient little aforesaid old gentleman in the Society Library compiled the \$75 pages of the pedigree which lies upon Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS' (*née KOBBLESTON*) library table—having first traced his own lineage from Japhet—he makes but the barest mention of the affair, dismissing it, in fact, with the line:

"M. June 17th, 1869—JOHN HOPKINS."

Below, however we find the following, which is of more importance:

"HAD ISSUE:

March 12th, 1871—LISPENARD VAN VRIES KOBBLESTON.

Sept. 3rd, 1873—KATRINA KOBBLESTON VAN VRIES.

April 29th, 1875—LEYDEN VAN VRIES KOBBLESTON.

Dec. 10th, 1879—WOUTER VAN TWILLER VAN VRIES KOBBLESTON. Ob. Dec. 30th, 1879.

May 19th, 1882—GRETTA KOBBLESTON."

Thus we see that although the gross name of HOPKINS obscured the Knickerbocker effulgence for a while, it is now emerging, scintillant with LISPENARDS, LEYDENS, VAN VRIES and KOBBLESTONS enough to perpetuate the family pride through endless time.

We do not find, however, even among the \$75 pages compiled by the patient little old aforesaid gentleman in the Society Library Building—who has traced his own lineage to Japhet—any mention of the other branches of Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS' (*née KOBBLESTON*) family. We know that she was the daughter of KILIAN KOBBLESTON. But by whom? KILIAN KOBBLESTON was the son of DIETRICH KOBBLESTON. DIETRICH must have had a mother. Who was she? Who were her parents? What were theirs? It thus appears, by going back three generations, that out of fourteen not only possible but necessary ancestors of Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS (*née KOBBLESTON*), the patient little old gentleman in the Society Library—who has traced his own lineage to Japhet—has only scored four, leaving ten absent and unaccounted for. This only leaves to Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS (*née KOBBLESTON*) one drop of KOBBLESTON and VAN VRIES blood to twenty-eight of blood which is unknown. The unknown is the abhorred of the aristocrat, and therefore Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS (*née KOBBLESTON*) has excellent reason for holding twenty-seven twenty-eighths of herself in profound contempt, which perhaps accounts for her perpetual expression of chilly *hauteur*. The worst is, that until each hiatus of the fourteen left by the patient little old aforesaid gentleman in the Society Library Building—who has traced his own lineage to Japhet—in the \$75 pages of the pedigree upon Mrs. KATRINA VAN VRIES HOPKINS' (*née KOBBLESTON*) table, is filled, it is impossible to decide whether that estimable lady is indeed a Knickerbocker or not.

AT A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE FROM BYRON.

MY nose is red, but not with beer,
Nor grew it pink
From too much drink,

As some men's noses have, I fear.

(No, dearest reader, for the sun burned it most horribly at Narragansett Pier.)

JOSHUA'S SPOON.

ABRAHAM and Joshua had been invited to a splendid dinner.

It was impossible for Joshua not to make capital out of such an opportunity; accordingly he managed to slip a silver spoon into his boot.

Abraham was green with envy at Joshua's success, for he had not even manipulated a saltspoon.

But an idea struck him.

"My frents," he cried, "I will show you some dricks."

Taking up a spoon, he said, "You zee dees spoon?—Vell, it ees gone!" he cried, passing it up his sleeve. "You vill find it in Joshua's bood."

It was found.

DRESS.

A PUN is said to be a breach of good taste; then a couple of them must be a stylish pair of trousers. And what of a brace? But we are trespassing upon the territory of the unmentionable.

MOST men and salades need good dressing to be palatable.

PROVIDENCE arranges the eternal fitness of things, but the tailor the infernal misfitness of clothes.

LADY NABBERTON talks of reforming dress, but forgets that she is deforming it. There is division on this point, however.

BILLS of long standing and trousers of long sitting are better receipted.

THE point of a swell's existence is his shoes; but a woman's existence is sometimes even more point-lace.

THE proverb: "Beauty unadorned is best" was invented by a Frenchman at his first sight of a lady in low neck and short sleeves. It might have been said equally truly of a cannibal queen.

ONE swallow does not make a summer, nor one swallow-tail a summer novel.

A LADY'S boudoir is a powder magazine; preparatory to an expedition into the very heart of the enemy, she has a little brush and then raises her colors.

THE devil is not so black, nor a woman so fair as she is painted.
L. VAN NECK.



Village Preacher: HAIN'T I DONE GONE TOLE VO', EPH, DAT IT'S WICKED TO COTCH FISS ON DE LOD'S DAY?

Ephraim (who has n't had a bite all day): WHO'S COTCHIN' FISS? YO' CAWN'T 'CUSE ME.

RECIPES FOR POPULAR SERMONS.

V.

ORATORICAL ORTHODOXY A LA REV. JOSEPH C--K--.

BOIL or roast some unctuous egoism turned heavenward—(this is as good as religion itself and comes much cheaper.) When quite warm pick off all the healthy feelings and chop them a little but not very small; cut up a large bunch of applause of God in the style of a congratulatory address and mix with the unctuous egoism.

Boil some vulgar pomp hard, mash and mix with off-hand references to foreign travel, garbled accounts of the philosophy of Lotze, intemperate statements regarding prohibition and a gill of feminine missionary spirit. Beat this mixture very thoroughly together and use it without notes and with a humid handkerchief. This salad is said to make even the "jerked meat of salvation" toothsome.

* "Logic is the jerked meat of salvation." BUSHNELL.

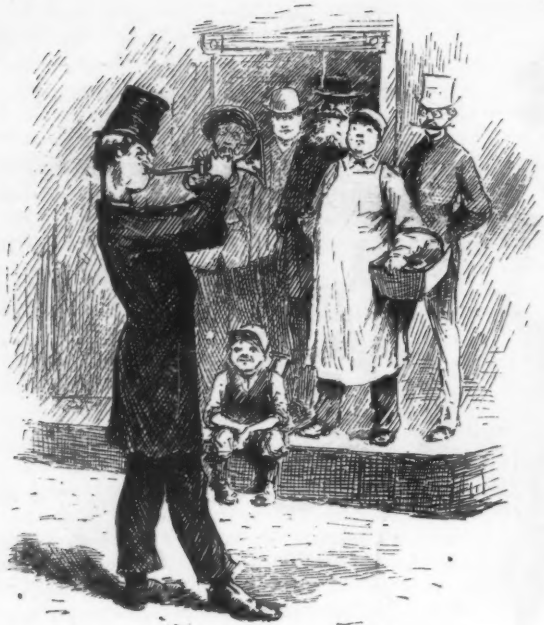
VI.

FOR A FANTASTIC SERMON A LA HOMILETICAL MONKEY OF BROOKLYN.

Make a nice paste and lay into a deep dish, turn yourself upside down in the centre. This will draw the attention under it and prevent it from boiling over; it also keeps the moral crust from falling in and becoming clammy. Lay in the ejaculations, add a little seasoning, such as the dirty stories you might tell, the dirty stories you are going to tell next Sunday, and presidential prophecies; make a wide incision in the upper crust, so that when the pie is nearly done, you can pour in half a teacup of smiling liberality touched up with an unswerving belief in the bottomless pit.

Secure the edges of the crust with newspaper paragraphs and ornament it with impressions of a cornet around the edges. Bake for an hour and in serving make each cut from yourself in the centre.

CLERICUS.



THE DIFFERENCE.

HORN OF PLENTY.

PLENTY OF HORN.

PANTOUM.

IN AUGUST.

BRIGHT shines the sun overhead,
 (Hear the wind rustle the trees!)
 Mid-summer clovers are red,
 Tempting to pilfering bees.

Hear the wind rustle the trees,
 Running in waves through the corn,
 Tempting to pilfering bees.
 Brilliant and fair is the morn.

Running in waves through the corn,
 Bending its loftiest plume,
 Brilliant and fair is the morn,
 Scented with flow'ry perfume.

Bending its loftiest plume,
 What does it hear in the air,
 Scented with flow'ry perfume,
 Tossing the curls in her hair?

What does it hear in the air?
 What can it see in her eyes?
 Tossing the curls in her hair,
 Polly looks up in surprise.

What can it see in her eyes?
 "Darling, I love you," I say.
 Polly looks up in surprise,—
 What do her glances betray?

"Darling, I love you," I say,
 Drawing her close to my breast.
 What do her glances betray?
 Only the leaves know the rest.

Drawing her close to my breast,
 (Bright shines the sun overhead,)
 Only the leaves know the rest.
 Mid-summer clovers are red.

H. L. SATTERLEE.

AN English cattle-dealer, who also acted in the rôle of local preacher, gave a sermon on the text: "Sorrowing most of all for the words that he spake, that they should see his face no more; and they accompanied him unto the ship." A few days later he absconded leaving behind him heavy debts and sorrowing creditors. This was practising what he preached, to the extent of a practical joke.

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NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

"Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors"
—[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., 11, 44.]

DOG days are over, and sausage is now in the market.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

CANADA has a "cheese king" who controls 64 cheese factories. He should be a mitey potentate.—*Lowell Citizen.*

ONE thousand dollars in gold weighs four pounds. That is why so many newspaper men are round-shouldered.—*Chicago Telegram.*

A GREAT deal of ill-feeling, we understand, has been aroused throughout the whole country by immature peaches.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE horrors of the present campaign in Ohio have never, in the history of modern crime, been equaled. Murat Halstead is writing poems about John McLean.—*Chicago News.*

A NEW YORK exchange speaks of the drowning of "Andrew Mills, head varnisher at Weber's piano warerooms." We suspect that so few persons are having their heads varnished this year, that the unfortunate man committed suicide because of a slackness in his trade.—*Norristown Herald.*

"AH, VICTORINE, my poor girl, how you have changed!" "It is because I have just come from the dentist's, madame; he has pulled out two of my teeth." "Two?" "Yes, madame; a good one and then a bad one; he made a mistake the first time." "How horrible!" "But it does n't matter. He was very reasonable; he only made me pay for one."—*Paris Paper.*

THE new attendant of the watering-place bookstore stood behind the counter with his head a little on one side and a white handkerchief around his neck, when a dainty summer sojourner tripped in, and, fixing her blue orbs upon him, asked: "Have you got a 'Newport Aquarelle?'" To which, with a thankful smile, he replied: "No, marm; I do n't think it's nothin' but a common bile."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

YOUNG George Vanderbilt, fourth son of the millionaire, wants to be a newspaper reporter. There it crops out again; the natural, educated and hereditary greed for gold; the insatiable thirst for wealth, the passion for amassing millions by the easiest and quickest methods, and reaching a fabulous competence by the shortest ways. It's a family trait.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

AN exchange says that "the Boston Herald kicks against the statue to be erected on the Common in honor of Harriet Martineau." It is difficult to see how a statue that is not yet built can be kicked against. But, still, a Boston paper can do most anything.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

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